

EXHIBIT B

Family Letters

1. Madigan, Andrew
2. Madigan, Lisa
3. Madigan, Nicole
4. Madigan, Tiffany
5. McGivney, Marita (previously in Personal category)

Honorable Judge John Robert Blakey
U.S. District Court for the Northern District of Illinois
Dirksen Federal Building, Room 1288
219 South Dearborn Street.
Chicago IL, 60604

I am writing to provide you with some insight into my father who I strongly look to up because of the example he has provided me over 39 years.

My dad was an active parent, often playing catch with me, driving me to activities, eating dinners together, and maintaining a constant positive presence in my life. Many times I didn't understand how he would do it, but he always made time to show up for school events or activities in spite of his busy schedule. When I went away to college, he would always check in on me and see how things were going. He would often drive to Evanston, in order to have dinner with me and spend some quality time together. My dad is the ultimate family man who cared most about supporting and encouraging his children.

In my early teens, my dad decided to take up golf and we played often. It took me a long time to understand why my dad took up golf because he wasn't particularly good at it. Over time, I came to realize golf provided him an outlet to get away from the stress of his job. And probably most importantly, it enabled him to spend an enormous amount of time with me when we could talk and grow closer without any distractions. My dad never really improved his golf game, but our relationship only grew closer and my appreciation for his love and support is something I will never forget.

I remember one day when I was a kid and he came home from work upset about something that happened in Springfield. Apparently, a legislator lied to him and it created a problem for him. After a while, I asked him "well why don't you just do the same thing back." And he calmly explained to me that life is all about honesty and keeping your word. When you give someone your word, you must live up to it. As I have come to learn in my life over many years and many experiences, my dad is a man of his word. If he says he is going to do something, then I can count on him every time.

What I picked up on over time was his humility. While his profile rose within the State, he never let the attention go to his head. He maintained a relatively small office that I don't think he updated in at least 40 years. It was a few blocks away from our house and he would often have meetings there rather than going downtown. He never felt like he needed to impress anyone. He would always stay grounded and focus on what was important to him, which was spending time with family.

One of my greatest memories was a series of baseball trips that just me and my father took to baseball stadiums across the country. We would try and watch a series in each city so that we could learn about and experience the history and fun things to do in each city while also enjoying the different baseball teams and stadiums. Often times we would drive, leaving just me and my dad to spend hours together talking about life and giving him an opportunity to instill in me the core values he believed in. It was an experience that I will never forget and if I am lucky enough I will do the same with my son one day.

I give you these stories to try and illustrate a man who is deeply committed to his family and caring for others. He spent more time trying to help others and caring about others than he did himself. As I learned more about him through our trips and other times together, my father became my role model. He always has been a selfless, kind, honest, highly ethically, supportive, and loving person. These are traits that I hope to carry on in my life and maybe one day pass down to my children.

Finally, while my father is currently retired, he now spends the majority of his time helping my mother with her various medical needs and appointments. He is her primary caregiver and provides compassionate and attentive care to her in the comfort and safety of their home unlike anyone else would be able to do.

I hope that I have provided some insight into my father and I hope that you take into account the man I know and his selfless dedication to his family and all those around him. Thank you for your time and consideration.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Andrew Madigan". The script is cursive and fluid, with the first name and last name clearly distinguishable.

Andrew Madigan

Letter in Support of Michael J. Madigan
Lisa Madigan

On August 20, 1976, shortly after I turned 10, my mother married Mike Madigan. The ceremony took place in Joel and Thea Flaum's living room with Judge Flaum presiding. From the time I was born, Joel and Thea Flaum were my mother's closest friends and Uncle Joel and Aunt Thea to me. They were there for us everyday of my tumultuous childhood and always remained our family.

Everyone agreed that Our Family improved dramatically that day.

Not only had my mother married a man who truly loved her, she had also married a man who took on total responsibility for serving as my father. While I initially called him Mike, I soon recognized he was my father and I referred to him as such.

Mike embraced me as if I was his biological daughter.

At the time, I did not fully appreciate the role of a state representative, but I immediately recognized Mike's picture in the copy of the State of Illinois Handbook my fifth grade history teacher handed out to me. After I saw it, I went up to Miss Elmer's desk and told her that Michael Madigan was my father. She told me that was not true, and I told her my mom had married him over the summer. She still doubted me. That night, I repeated the story to my mom and Mike, and not long afterwards, he came to speak to our class and explained government to us and what a state representative did.

At the end of that school year, I started to learn a lot more about state government. Instead of going to summer camp like many kids, Mike took me to the capitol in Springfield where I worked everyday until the end of the legislative session. That's what I did every year after I got out of school in the spring until I graduated from high school.

Serving as an honorary page was my first "job." It essentially involved running errands for members of the House of Representatives. I got them coffee, lunch, and copies of bills (this was long before they had computers). Sitting in the House chamber during session allowed me to have an up close view of the personalities, work, and ethics of many legislators, legislative staff, members of the press, and statewide elected officials.

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Almost every night, we had dinner with Representative Zeke Georgi, and I listened to him and Mike discuss the day's issues. What I saw and learned was inspiring and unique. While I encountered plenty of lazy, drunk, and ethically questionable people serving in and around the legislature, the qualities I witnessed in these two were different. They took their positions seriously. They were hard working, helpful, ethical, and engaging.

Mike is the personification of "workhorse."

Mike regularly worked 12 hour days. When he was preparing for or in session in Springfield, he was the first elected official to arrive at the capitol, before or by 7 am, and usually the last to leave at night, around 7 pm. After the regular legislative session ended in the spring or early summer, my father would go to work at one of his other two offices. He worked at his ward office or his law office roughly the same hours as he did in his Springfield office. Plus, he worked on the weekends. The only events that changed his Saturday schedule were watching the Notre Dame football game (even when the team was having a bad year), taking his kids or grandkids to a baseball game, the zoo, or attending a family birthday party. Waking up early and working seven days a week is one of Mike's defining characteristics and a main reason for his decades of political and professional success. I do not think I've ever met a person who is more disciplined and works harder than he does. Certainly not under the dome in Springfield, Illinois.

Mike is meticulously ethical and honest and shunned many of the perks of elected office.

I can recall many times when Mike declined to accept or use everything from gifts to gratuities.

For example, legislators used to get a card that allowed them and their families free entrance to the Brookfield zoo. When we went there, however, Mike never used a free pass. Instead he paid for our admission. I recall asking him why once, and he told me that if you can afford to pay for something, it is appropriate for you to pay just like everyone else.

In another example, Mike never wanted to purchase or use his legislative license plates. For Illinois House members the number on the official plate you could buy reflected your seniority in the chamber. So for many years, he could have had a

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"1" on his license plate, but that was never of interest to him, and he did not.

For a less formal example, from time to time we would be out to eat and at the end of the meal, the waiter would not bring a check and instead tell us the meal was on the house. Mike would never abide by that. He would politely but firmly tell the waiter, manager, or owner to give him the check so he could pay for the meal or he would not return to the restaurant.

Based on those examples, it should not be surprising that decades ago, long before Illinois enacted a gift ban, Mike adopted a policy of not accepting gifts from any registered lobbyists in order to avoid even the appearance of impropriety. If someone tried to deliver a gift to his home or any of his offices, the delivery person was told to take it back.

Mike is also someone whose word you could trust. He is truthful. Sometimes I liked what he said and other times not, but I knew he was being honest and would keep his word. That was not always the case with people in and around the legislature.

Mike was always concerned about keeping a clear line between his official government duties and his private law practice. One way Mike worked to ensure that there could be no questions about ethics or conflicts of interest was to put in place strong conflict of interest procedures in both the speaker's office and his law office. His offices coordinated to avoid questions about conflicts arising on legislation and business matters.

To the extent there were ever questions about the legality or ethics of any practice, he sought the advice of his counsel and outside lawyers before proceeding.

These are not traits of a rulebreaker. Mike was cautious and aware of the law and where the legal lines were. Mike would never knowingly do anything illegal.

Mike always helped people however he could.

If you serve in public office, people are always asking you for help. Everyday. They come to your office, stop you at the store, on the street, in church, restaurants, parking lots, and run up or shout to you at parades. Most of the time, they are asking for your help to get them a job. Once I was walking out of a dressing room in the lingerie department at Macy's and a woman

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who had seen me walk in thrust her resume into my hands and asked me to help her get a job. If you're a public official, in any branch of government, it's expected that you will recommend people you know for job opportunities and it's unavoidable that people you don't know will ask for your assistance as well. I certainly received plenty of requests and recommendations from judges to hire their clerks for positions in the Illinois Attorney General's office. Job referrals are endemic in the public (and also private) sector. In fact, I still receive requests from people seeking my help to secure jobs in government. If you don't want to assist people, including helping them find job opportunities, then government service is not for you. My father always helped people however he could. That truly is the essence of public service.

Mike takes his role as father and grandfather seriously.

In spite of his 70+ hour work weeks, Mike always made time for family. After he had been away in Springfield all week, he would take me out for pizza when he got home on Friday nights. He did the same with my sisters and brother as they grew up.

With all of us, his primary focus was making sure we knew he loved us. He was just as concerned that we grew up to be honest, responsible, and well educated people.

For example, when I was in high school, I often drove to school and usually had trouble finding parking nearby. When I found a spot, I would park, feed the meter, and walk several blocks to school. I didn't go back to the car until seven to twelve hours later once school and after-school sports events were done. By the time I returned the meter had always expired and sometimes the car had been ticketed. I'd remove the ticket from the windshield, stuff it under the floor mat on the passenger's side, and drive home. I never told my parents about the tickets piling up, nor did I attempt to pay them. One day my poor parking ticket management and questionable teenage judgment caught up with me. I don't recall exactly how Mike found out about the dozen plus parking tickets I had accumulated on his car, but I do recall he was angry with me and made me pay for them. I spent most of the money I had earned the previous summer paying the fines.

In a city where people used to talk about having parking tickets "fixed," I learned from Mike that I was expected to follow the law - either feed the parking meter or pay the parking tickets.

Letter in Support of Michael J. Madigan
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He has always been a scrupulous rule follower and expected the same of his children.

With my sisters and brother, when he was away in Springfield, he would get their spelling lists and call home every night to drill them.

Here is the advice he gave all of us when we went to college:

1. College is a great opportunity
2. Take advantage of it
3. Focus, don't waste time
4. Look ahead, so prepare now
5. Exercise

We still get together for weekly dinners unless a Notre Dame football game interferes.

Mike keeps my mother alive.

My mother and Mike were both born in 1942. They both turn 83 this year.

Since the beginning of the COVID pandemic, five years ago, my mother has rarely been well enough to leave their house other than to go to see her doctors because she is extremely susceptible to infections due to a severe lung disease. Since then she has been admitted to the hospital three times. For this reason, she only attended the trial the first day for opening statements because it is very difficult for her to breathe and her doctors do not want her around people who she may catch a cold from.

She is able to remain in their house primarily because of the care my father provides. He shops for groceries, brings her food (as you heard during the trial), does laundry, and generally takes care of her and their house.

Michael Madigan is among the finest people to ever serve in government.

Mike has been my father for nearly 50 years. Few people know Mike Madigan the way I do. I grew up with him and worked adjacent to him in government. I know the real Mike Madigan, not the grossly distorted picture the media, his political enemies, and prosecutors have painted and promoted of him over the years.

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I have known many elected officials over the years. Without a doubt Mike is among the finest that has ever served Illinois. I say with complete certainty that we need more people in public service with his values.

As I have said publicly before and am still very proud to say now, I did much better with fathers the second time around. I learned life's most important lessons from Mike, and I have spent my life living them and repeating them to the next generation of women, lawyers, and leaders in Illinois and across our country:

Get as much education as possible.
Be prepared to work hard.
Help others whenever you can.
Be honest and scrupulously ethical.

Mike Madigan always has done all of those things for the entire time I have known him.

I know Mike Madigan would never intentionally commit a crime. He is the consummate rule follower. Punishing him for trying to help people - something we are all taught to do - is the true injustice.

Letter in Support of Michael Madigan

I am Nicole Madigan, Shirley and Michael Madigan's youngest daughter. I grew up in the same working-class neighborhood on Chicago's Southwest Side that my dad grew up in. My dad and my mom still live in the same house that they bought after marrying nearly 49 years ago, raising four children and four grandchildren. Like my dad, I am a lifelong resident of Chicago. He worked for the City Department of Streets and Sanitation hauling trash to pay his way through school. His parents did not graduate from high school, but he worked hard at Notre Dame and Loyola Law School despite his own father's doubts that he was smart enough to graduate. Dad became an attorney with a private practice of real estate tax appeals and served as Speaker of the House of Representatives of Illinois for nearly 50 years.

He went from working on a garbage truck to being the longest serving Speaker of a State House in United States history. He achieved that through diligence and adherence to his ethical and moral code. He worked hard, every day, weekends, and even holidays if necessary. There was always something that needed to be tended to and he took his responsibilities as speaker seriously. He worked hard and expected those around him to work as hard, including us, his children.

Dad has been a genuine public servant, dedicated to improving the lives of others through being a caretaker of State government. He understood that a responsibility of leaders is to use their power for good and to help people as much as they can. He is hard-working, thoughtful, and known as a man of his word by members of all political parties. Politics requires coalitions, working with different people, coming to different conclusions based on different facts, and voting in the interest of the people. This is the America of our Constitution. There is a normal give and take to a collaborative process. My dad's true talent was his ability to listen, research issues independently in a detailed oriented manner, listen to the different sides and his staff and bring diverse groups of people in the state together to compromise on legislation in the best interest of the people of the State of Illinois.

My dad lived by a code of honesty with us and everyone around him. Even at a very young age, I knew that because my dad was an elected official my family was held to a higher ethical standard because we needed to be a model of behavior. My first memory was being in a friend's car around age 5 and their mom told me that I "better buckle up my seatbelt because your dad passed the seatbelt law". I quickly buckled my seatbelt. To this day, I still think about that when I buckle up that I need to comply with the law, especially those that my dad helped pass to keep us safe on the road. When I was around 10, we took a trip to Disneyland. Dad was in line to pay for the park tickets and I read on the ticket counter that there was no ticket needed for children under 3. My brother was just over 4 years old but looked younger. I asked dad, why don't we just say that he is 3? He responded that we don't do things like that, we do the right thing and will pay for his ticket, and he did.

My parents had a college graduation party for me, and I received gifts from family and friends. Dad required that I give him all the gifts so that his attorneys could review who gave them, what the gifts were and the value of the gifts to determine whether or not I could accept them as his daughter. In the end, most of those gifts were returned to avoid the appearance of impropriety. That is how dad has lived his life, even when technically allowed under the law, he would err on the side of caution to avoid an appearance of impropriety. When I started practicing as an attorney, I

was working on a matter and realized after accidentally picking up another colleague's document at the printer that the client that I was working for was on the other side of a different transaction as my colleague's client. I approached my colleague and asked if the conflicts check had been cleared and he brushed it off and said not to worry about it. I heard my dad's voice telling me that it was not okay to make that presumption, so I spoke to the partner that I was working with on the matter. In fact, conflicts had not been cleared, and a waiver was needed, and obtained, to continue our representation of that client.

Most important is who he is as a dad, granddad and husband. My dad is patient, loving and kind. He takes his responsibilities in our family seriously, seeking to help all of us no matter how big or small the problem even at age 83 when most people turn to their children and grandchildren for help. He takes our cars into get serviced or picks up his grandchildren from school. He looks for opportunities to be helpful to us. My mom taught him what love is. Despite coming from a family that did not openly display affection with each other, he, along with my mom, built our family on a foundation of true love and devotion to each other creating our close and loving family. That love is rare and has been the stability that has grounded my life, and those of all of my family members, despite difficult challenges and given us the strength to endure the months' long trial. He provided for me and my sisters and brother and always told us that the most valuable things in life are hard work, family, honesty and education. All three of his daughters became attorneys. Our father is proud of us, and we are proud of him.

Even though dad worked nearly every day, no matter what, I knew that my dad would be there for me and anyone else that he could help. I never felt that he was distant or not present in my life even when he was in Springfield for session during the week for months at a time. He was a caring and devoted father. He would call every night from Springfield not to just speak to us but to go over our homework and make sure that even though he was hours away, we knew that he was paying attention to what we were doing in school. In grade school my spelling was not great, and I was surprised when during one of our nightly calls he started quizzing me on spelling that he had my mom send to him so that he could over it with me. He meticulously went over my report cards, praising the good remarks, and helping me to improve when I got not such great comments. He carved out time to be with us every week, including teaching us the value of our Catholic faith by taking us to Mass every Sunday at St. Nicholas of Tolentine in Chicago Lawn. Dad has dinner with me and my siblings and nieces and nephew at least once if not twice per week, and he picks up my nieces and nephew from school once a week to spend time with them.

For as long as I can remember, my dad has pushed me, my siblings and his grandchildren to put all of our efforts into school and work giving our best effort possible. One of his frequent expressions was to tell us to work hard so that we would have as many opportunities as possible. If it were not for my parents, I would not be an attorney. Although I was reluctant to go, given the notoriously difficult workload and long working hours as an attorney, my dad convinced me to go to law school. I had wanted to attend a graduate program instead and he did not dissuade me but offered me the advice that a law degree was something that would give me stability in my career and would always be something that I could fall back on.

I followed his advice and attended Northwestern Law School. He has been the person in my life that has pushed me to keep working hard even when I wanted to give up or did not think I could go on. However it was difficult, and I struggled to motivate myself to continue. In my second year,

I wanted to give up and quit. He would not let me. Rather than challenge my reasons to quit, he persistently spoke with me and had my sister who was already an attorney, and anyone else he could find who had attended law school, persuade me of all the reasons to stay in law school. It worked and I have practiced law for 20 years now.

In my 30s, I suffered serious and at times life-threatening medical problems which my doctors struggled to treat. After years of working 50 to 60-hour weeks as a big law attorney, I had to stop work suddenly, which was debilitating. I never imagined that I would be so ill at such a young age, that I could not work and would have my career taken away. It was the most challenging time of my life. As always, Dad was there for me, calling me nearly every day, having dinner with me every week, pushing me to see different doctors, putting aside his busy schedule to go to doctors' appointments and testing with me. Dad even insisted upon coming with me to a colonoscopy on Election Day even when I told him that he did not need to go. He did not want me to go through these challenging experiences alone. Despite me being exhausted from testing and doctors, he convinced me to go to the Mayo Clinic. He took me there for one week of appointments and testing even though it was during the veto session in November 2014. When my medical conditions responded to treatment, true to what dad had told me 10 years before when I wanted to drop out of law school, my law degree gave me the ability to restart my career in a different area of law. I would not have gotten through that dark chapter of my life without my dad's love, support and guidance.

Dad has given much more to my mom and sister, Lisa. He saved them from my mom's abusive first husband, who was physically and emotionally abusive he repeatedly threatened the life of my mom and grandmother. At a time when many men would not marry a divorced woman, let alone a woman with a child and an aggressive and violent ex-husband, dad married my mom and adopted my sister. Dad defended them against her ex-husband's threats, that continued after my parents married. My mom told me that if it were not for my dad, she did not believe that she or my sister would be alive. My dad is a hero to me for saving them.

My whole life my mom took care of us children and our house while working. However, since the pandemic, she had to stay at home to avoid catching COVID. Like many older people that stayed home to avoid infection, her health rapidly declined from decreased physical and social activity. I have witnessed many of my friends' parents in their 70s and 80s succumb to illnesses that were in check before the pandemic due to having to stay home much like my mom. She is chronically ill, suffering from numerous medical conditions including severe respiratory problems, heart conditions that doctors struggle to control, and debilitating arthritis, rarely leaving the house even for family birthdays. She is at times dependent on oxygen and has difficulty walking up and down stairs. She has been hospitalized repeatedly. Since the pandemic, my dad has been her primary caregiver. He took over doing the laundry, buying groceries, taking her to doctors' appointments, picking up her medications, getting her meals ready, and being the glue that has kept our family together. Despite my mom's deep love for my dad, she was unable to attend the trial except for opening arguments due to her poor health.

He has spent his life devoted to helping all the people of Illinois. People approached my dad all of the time, even when he was eating out with friends and family. To this day, people approach him and tell him about how he helped them or their family members. One story that stood out to me, is that of a young man who approached my dad while he was eating and asked him if he could help

get him a congressional recommendation for a military academy because he wanted to become a fighter pilot. After a brief conversation with him, my dad asked for his phone number and told him he would see what he could do. After the young man left the table, my dad's friend who he was eating with said "I know his family, Mike. They are republicans". My dad told him that it did not matter that the family were republican or that the man lived outside his legislative district, he wanted to help the young man serve our country. Dad helped him get a congressional recommendation, and that man later became a fighter pilot proudly serving in the military.

I have run across so many people that he helped. One person worked at my accountant's office. She called me to get some information to file my tax return and mentioned that her father knew my dad. She went on telling me that she was so grateful to my dad because after her father had retired, he felt a hole in his life after retiring, and he was relieved to have a job again to have something to look forward to each day. Dad often said that it was important that everyone have a job or somewhere to go every day to have a sense of purpose.

He has helped people without them even asking. One person was my law school friend. She had met my dad and they bonded over both of them having attended Notre Dame. After graduating, we went to Barbri class together and studied each morning, and we even agreed that we would check the bar results together. Sadly, while I passed, she did not. I had been anxious for months that I would not pass and was devastated for her. When I told my dad, without me or her asking, he offered for her to work as an issues staffer in Springfield while she studied to re-take the bar exam.

As a politician, dad worked to solve problems for his constituents. As Midway Airport went from a sleepy airfield with few flights in my childhood to a bustling hub for Southwest Airlines, residents that lived nearby complained about the noise from the planes. I have woken up at 5 am in my parents' house to a flight taking off a mile away at Midway, or had to pause my conversation on the phone because I could not hear due to a plane passing overhead. Dad advocated to have the city help residents near both O'Hare and Midway airports to replace their windows with more sound-blocking and energy efficient windows to improve their quality of life, which eventually happened through the Department of Aviation Residential Sound Insulation Program. Some residents complained of a noxious odor emitting from the replacement windows and he again pushed the city to provide non-toxic replacement windows to city residents near the airports. My parents did not take advantage of the program, so I still hear the planes overhead their house when I visit.

The Southwest Side of Chicago has undergone some of the most rapid population growth in Chicago in the past twenty years with mainly families with children moving into the area. Parents constantly complained about the lack of a selective enrollment school despite the large population of children eager to attend school nearby. Children from the Southwest Side, including our neighbor's child, had to commute across the city every day to attend selective enrollment schools through parents dropping them off early before work or making multiple transfers via public transportation. This resonated deeply with my dad because he credited his success coming from his working-class background to his education and encouraged his children to push us to attend the best schools possible to have the greatest number of opportunities. He would voice his frustration frequently to me that these were parents, some of whom do not speak English, from Mexican immigrant families that wanted the best for their children, and he felt that the city was not responding to help these children obtain a better education. He wanted them to have the same


opportunities to achieve and go on to college that he had when he attended St. Ignatius. He worked diligently with the local aldermen and the city to get a selective enrollment high school despite resistance from the Chicago Teachers Union. At last, Hancock College Preparatory High School in Clearing began its transformation to a Selective Enrollment and Career & Technical Education high school in 2015. The demand has outpaced available spots and it has a long wait list.

Dad used his position to help people even when those decisions were not necessarily popular with his constituents or contradicted his own Catholic faith. One instance was his support and lobbying for the successful passage of the Religious Freedom and Marriage Fairness Act in 2013. While we take same-sex marriage for granted in Illinois now, then it was a very contentious issue particularly with religious people and not politically popular. The Catholic church opposed the bill. The then-Archbishop of Chicago, Francis George, issued a letter stating that allowing same-sex marriage was “acting against the common good of society”, and that “The state has no power to create something that nature itself tells us is impossible”. It took years for the bill to pass and be signed into law from when it was originally introduced.

In March 2013, when the bill came to the House for a vote, there were not enough votes and the bill was tabled and later taken up in the legislative veto session in November 2013. In April 2013, Dad and I had taken a trip to Rome and I remember standing inside the Vatican Museum looking up at the splendor of the Bramante Staircase on Good Friday, when he asked me what I thought about same-sex marriage. I had known my dad to be personally socially conservative in line with his Catholic faith, so I was surprised by his question. I had presumed that he would be against same-sex marriage. Feeling the weight of being at the center of our church, I said that the Catholic church only recognized marriages between men and women, but that people are born just how they are so why shouldn't they have the right to marry? He was silent for a few moments and then said that if one of his children loved someone of the same sex, he would want them to be happy and marry whomever they wanted. A few months later in November, he became active in personally speaking to legislators to push them to vote yes for the bill, making hard pitches to lawmakers that faced opposition amongst their constituents. In a speech that he gave during debate on the house floor, he quoted Pope Francis (who while affirming the traditional position of the church to opposite-sex marriage expressed support for civil unions and later allowed priests to bless same-sex civil marriage ceremonies), saying “Who am I to judge that they should be illegal? Who is the government to judge that they should be illegal, and for me, that's the reason to support this bill”. Despite significant opposition, including in his district, with the leaders of his church in Chicago and threats of not being able to receive communion, he still decided to push for the legislation because he believed that everyone should be treated equally with respect and dignity.

Your Honor, I would ask for leniency for my dad, for the sake of my mother, my nieces and nephew most especially. He holds our family together and it would be a severe hardship to pull him away from my mom and her need for ongoing care for the remaining years that she has left. He has spent his life devoted to helping the people of Illinois. Please consider all of the contributions that he has made to improve the quality and well-being of the residents of Illinois.

Sincerely,


Nicole Madigan

Honorable Justice Blakey
Northern District Federal Court
219 South Dearbor Street
Chicago, IL 60604

Dear Justice Blakey,

My name is Tiffany Madigan. I have been absolutely blessed to have Michael Madigan as my father and I can speak unreservedly about the quality of his character during the more than four decades I have known him.

I have been a parent for 14 years and each year I have gained a greater appreciation for what an extraordinary father I have. There has never been a single time I have questioned whether he would be there for me or whether he loved me. He has never burdened me. He embraced parts of me that others ridiculed. He has always supported me and allowed me to be myself - and I have rarely made that easy. I think he's just an incredibly good person, but underlying it all is a consistent moral code.

To understand the importance of values in our family, you have to understand the role of politics in the lives of politicians' families. I have never lived in a world where my father was not a political figure and I learned at a very young age that my family was under increased scrutiny at all times due to my father's political role. My earliest years are sprinkled with memories of protests outside our home, people who took my toys from our backyard claiming they were theirs because they paid taxes for my father's salary, people trying to take my clothes off my body with the same logic, people blocking our stairs out of spite, people telling me and my family we didn't belong, as well as waves of political and press attacks - there is an enormous amount of anger at society that gets directed at politicians and their families. It can be difficult to not lash back in anger in response. But I never saw either my father or mother react that way.

While I cannot say that I exemplified that same restraint, I did learn at a very young age that my actions reflected on my family. If I was a brat in a restaurant, stole a pack of gum, or even was reasonably angry - if I behaved in a way that angered others - it could have a seriously negative impact on my entire family. It's surprisingly tricky to avoid making people angry.

To help us understand how to navigate this kind of a life, we spoke (and speak) frequently about the obligations members of society have to each other - values, morality, right and wrong, fairness and the lack thereof, respect, empathy and humanity. The core of the ethos is honesty and kindness. You have to be honest and approach others with kindness and if you hold to those core values, you can make your way through the world. We didn't have the luxury of being casual or inconsistent about how we approached these things and that standard was applied to our relationships as well.

Once when I was maybe 5 my parents were going out for the night. They wanted me to nap but I wanted to say goodbye to them before they left so I only agreed to nap if they promised to wake me up to say goodbye before they left. They, as rational parents, did not wake me from my much-needed nap when they left. When I woke, I was inconsolable. And although my father didn't understand my response, he promised me he would never tell me he would do something and not do it again. And he never has.

Once when I was around 8, I was at Santucci's restaurant, which used to be across the street from Midway Airport. I was talking but could tell my father wasn't listening. So I said, dad, a plane just crashed through the roof, and he said, uh huh. And my younger sister and I started laughing hysterically and he looked up and I told him I had proof that he wasn't listening. He laughed and admitted that he hadn't been. And he started paying attention more consistently. There weren't a lot of fathers in the 80s who took well to their children calling them out and even fewer who were willing to change their behavior as a result.

I first started receiving letter grades in sixth grade and my father sat down to review my first report card the same way he reviewed bills, with a red felt pen to mark up points. What he approached as an involved parent who wanted to help his daughter succeed, I, a headstrong adolescent, experienced as an aggressive personal attack. I told him, I'm sure in different words, that I couldn't handle the stress of reviewing grades with him and I never wanted to do it again. He promised me he would never make me do it again and despite going through a review of all grades with all my other siblings, he never reviewed my grades with me again. And I knew he wouldn't. When he told me he wouldn't do something, I knew he wouldn't.

When I was in college my father used to send me letters with clipped news articles he thought might be interesting. The letters were typed but the signature of "Dad" was done by hand. A couple of times I noticed that someone else had signed, "Dad", it just wasn't his handwriting - and to whoever did that I completely understand, my father was an incredibly busy person and it was a practical and reasonable solution. But I called him out on it, teasing him that he should have enough time to sign "Dad" to his daughter. I still get those letters. And they've never been signed by anyone other than him since I discussed that with him.

Another aspect of political existence that I knew well from a young age were the rules around conflicts of interest - those rules often apply to family members of politicians so I needed to know them to avoid inadvertently breaking them. I knew all about them and how they applied to our family in the early 90s when I was in an elevator running an errand and two other people in the elevator, not knowing who I was, were gossiping and making suppositions about my family - I knew they were wrong and I knew it because of how careful and diligent my father was about monitoring and addressing conflicts. I remember my father explaining his philosophy that because he was under such intense scrutiny, it wasn't enough to simply follow the rules. He took a more conservative approach and explained to me that he needed to avoid the "appearance of impropriety". He regularly explained it in detail, along with examples of where things would

cross a line. I remember arguing with him about the concept in our living room, where he would frequently sit on a couch to read or review documents. I insisted that in a just society rules should stand on their own, the "appearance" of something shouldn't constitute malfeasance because it was imprecise, subjective, and didn't give people adequate notice of the law. He, as always, kindly, patiently, and with a smile, explained that this is simply how the world works. And that in our family, we were obligated to not only follow the law but also ensure that our behavior didn't give anyone any doubt that we followed the law. There was a higher standard applied to our actions.

I have two children and my father is an important figure in their lives. They look up to him, respect him, tease him, and love him. He regularly picks them up from school, takes them out to dinner, keeps up on their studies and activities, helps them with schoolwork and navigating social issues. He teaches them about life from that same solid moral compass that he used to guide my three siblings and I many years ago. He isn't rigid, he's open to developing and growing, and has consistently done so when presented with evidence that he should.

My father is an incredible man. He is driven by love and a sense of duty, both to people and our social order. He worked hard his entire life to provide for his family, mentor future leaders, improve lives for as many individuals, families, and communities as he could, and to be a voice of reason and a steadying hand in the often volatile and narcissistic world of politics. He has met countless leaders across the country and world and has never valued any of those people or experiences more than dinner with his family. He is a kind, decent and loving man. I respectfully ask that you consider his incredible character and consistent history in making your decisions.

Sincerely,

Tiffany Madigan

Dear Judge Blakely,

Michael is my older brother. We grew up in a middle class neighborhood on the Southside of Chicago. We attended the local Catholic grammar school and participated in various Church activities as a young adult.

Michael became a lector at Mass on Sunday.

When our father died he was in Law School and I was a teenager. He helped me through a very difficult time.

He took over assisting my mother in running the affairs of the family.

He gave me away in marriage to my first husband, however, that marriage ended in divorce. During this time my 5 year old son and I lived with my brother and mother. Michael became not only his uncle but also a father figure. He has always been there for me.

When my mother became ill with Dementia

he once again stepped
in to help care for her.

Michael is a very
kind person who not
only has always been
there for me, but who
has helped many other
people.

Sincerely,
Marita McGivney